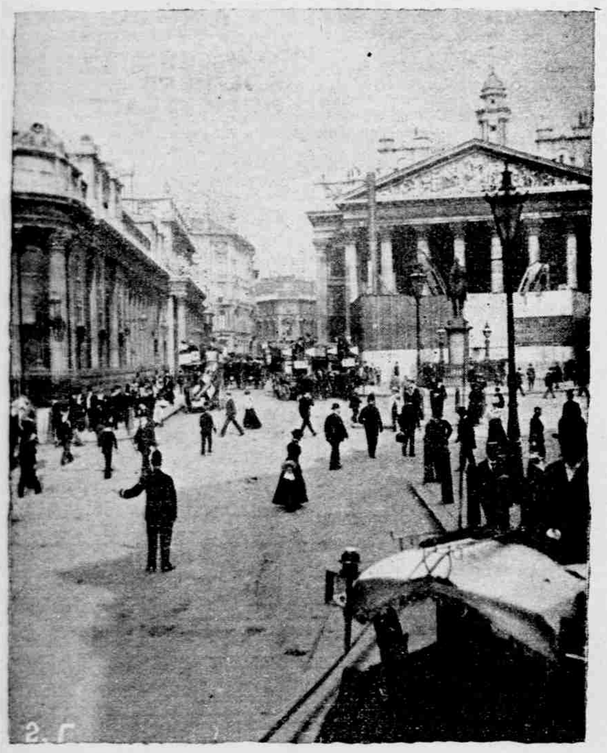
A JAUNT IN LONDON.

Scenes and Characteristics of England's Metropolis.

London's Peculiar Sundays—The 'Busses. British Pronunciation—The Bank and The Mansion—Some of the People.

We arrived in London one Sunday morning bright and early, and therein erred twice, as we soon discovered. One should not arrive there either early or on Sunday, for in spite of all its business it's a lazy town about getting up in the mornings on week days, and on Sundays lies abed all the morning. Londoners call this Sunday morning laziness exceeding piety. We having come from a stern ancestry that believed in giving God a full day's service, did not so regard it—but that's another story. At any rate, strangers who are traveling in a happy-go-lucky style, as we were, will find it inconvenient to arrive in London early or on Sunday, because restaurants and baggage-rooms are closed, and the "busses" may or may not be running.



THE MANSION HOUSE AND THE BANK.

The cut shows the Mansion House—the residence of London's Mayor; a glimpse of the Bank, the dark wall to the left, and the 'busses, policeman and people. Ordinarily, especially about noon, the streets are black with people and 'busses, cabs, delivery wagons, carts and bicyles in a continual stream. There will be sometimes a blockade of 50 or 70 vehicles crowded together, wheels almost interlocking in the narrow streets, while the policeman holds them back to allow foot passengers some chance. New Yorkers know something of these crowded streets, but to an American the British and Continental custom of turning to the left instead of the right is confusion to him, as he sees reckless cabmen and bicyclists crawl and slip and dash and slide in and out among the heavier vehicles. A Washingtonian, accustomed to wide streets, leisurely driving and a continual regard for the health of the pedestrian, simply gasps over London's streets.

We sailed from Antwerp to Har'ich. We called it Harwich at first, with an added conscientiousness about letters that we had gotten from the Germans; but ticket-sellers, baggage-men and cabmen could not understand us, and declared there was no such place in the geography. Finally the hotel keeper had an inspired moment and suggested "Harrich," and we then remembered the peculiarities of British pronunciations and knew that "Har'ich" was what we wanted. We learned to omit the "w" and practiced dropping occasional letters out of words, so that we might be in trim for old England.

We crossed the English Channel in a storm of wind and rain, and though we are ordinarily quite meek and humble—a state of mind intensified by our stay among the Austrians, who themselves being in no danger of inheriting the earth, crushed our jingoism in the bud—our pride rose, and we continually praised ourselves that the rough, the choppy Channel had no terrors for us. We not only endured, but enjoyed the trip as long as we could see, and slept the rest of the time during a night that tried the souls of the men and women about us.

When we awoke in the bright morning, all the pretty, smiling, rosy-cheeked girls whom we had watched come aboard were transformed into cross, dishevelled, pale humanity. There had been no calm, much less sleep, for them the whole night through. To most people the Channel trip is 12 hours of total, unmitigated, unreasonable, mortifying, humiliating unpleasantness. We found travelers carefully weighing the probable benefits and pleasure resulting from a trip to London against the inevitable seasickness, and often foregoing London.

From Har'ich to London is a journey of about two hours across a country that is so like our own stretches of fields, pastures, weather-beaten houses and barns, ugly, tall-chimneyed factories, and little churches, that we took a rest from sightseeing and were glad.

Once in London we hunted for the breakfast and the luggage-rooms; both were closed because it was Sunday. We finally found sandwiches and coffee in a place that was certainly no temperance hotel, but there were other women there, there was no place else to go, nobody knew us, and the barmaids seemed quite respectable. Luggage proved more difficult to manage, but we shillinged a gate-keeper into keeping our rugs and valises for us, and trusted to the general honesty of mankind that he would not keep them longer than suited our convenience. He gave us no checks.

This faith of ours in mankind in general has made our journeyings very pleasant, and if we lost in any way by it, we do not know of it and are just as happy. At any rate, we had smiles and courtesy everywhere except on the few occasions when, urged to it by our cynical and unbelieving friends, we tried to "nail fast" the arrangements or to do as we were advised before leaving America, "Get it in writing. Whenever we tried to have hard and fast arrangements we found ourselves tangled in fuss and red tape, and no more comfortable t an usual. When we took the honesty and willingness of Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen and Englishmen for granted we had reasonably prompt and satisfactory service.

So we carried our precious things about us and trusted our traps to any 'ienstman, cabby or porter who seemed anxious to help us with the burden of them and earn honest "trinkgeld."

To return to London. We next started out to find a hotel, and though on pleasure bent, like John Gilpin's good wife, we had a frugal mind, and so decided to patronize 'busses instead of cabs. We received directions from an obliging policeman—London policemen are delightful—as to the color of 'bus necessary to carry us to the address we were searching for, and accordingly went up to "The Bank" to wait. We waited a half hour or so, and finally, when another policeman drifted along, asked him what our chances were for getting a Russell Square 'bus.

"Oh, there ain't likely to be one for an hour and a 'alf or so. They don't start to running until half past 10 or so, Sunday mornings."

We were so anxious to get settled that we paid little heed to "The Bank"—The Bank of England, the world's synonym for safety, solidity and security in money matters—except to see that it had long, windowless walls black with time and London smoke, and of simple, strong lines, which, while they had little loveliness, were still grateful to the eye. We threw thrift to the winds, took a cab and found a quiet, clean, obtrusively conscientious temperance hotel.

Then began our struggles with the English coins. English money is no whit less aggravating than Austrian, and the British habit of cutting their words off and snipping out letters in the middle of them, which is particularly bothersome when cabmen and shop girls rattle off prices, is simply inexcusable. Ever since I discovered that Beauchamp was not "Beauchamp," but "Beecham," and Cholmondely was called "Chumley," I have been glad of the Fourth of July. A threepenny piece is a "thrippence," and is worth six instead of three of our cents—a bother that comes up again in their shilling, which instead of being worth 12½ cents, as our sensible shillings are, is worth a quarter. The "tuppence ha'pennies," bargains for "two, five, seven and a ha'penny," and farthings are enough, but just as one begins to be able to interpret and translate them, the guinea is introduced into the transaction. The guinea is not a pound, but 21 shillings and a confusion in itself. Then there are "two and sixes" that look exactly like the two-shilling piece. But when I complained of all these complications to an Englishman he said that our 50-cent pieces were not easily distinguishable from our quarters; that it took him a fortnight to learn that a dime and 10 cents were the same, and that the fact that our penny was worth an English ha'penny was to our discredit, if anything.

After a dinner "off the joint" we took a 'bus ride. We rode on top and talked to the driver, as the guide books advise, though at first we were so sure that we would fall off, or that the top-heavy, rumbling old vehicle would turn over, or that something would happen in the reckless driving through the crowded streets, that we had no time to question the driver. But we rode through Cheapside and the Strand; we saw Oxford and Piccadilly streets; we had glimpses of the Mansion House and The Bank, we saw the Queen's "stybles"—stables we finally translated it; for no matter how much one reads of this dialect in books it is still stupefying in fact. It is told that a bus driver drops his h's at "Hammersmith" (Hammersmith), but picks them up again at "The Hangel" (The Angel).

We saw scores of soldiers in their scarlet coats, jaunty Scotch caps and Scotch-plaid pantaloons. We saw young fellows in long-tailed black coats and silk hats, who seemed from Thackeray's pages. We saw white-shoed damsels by the dozen and as we saw Threadneedle street, Cheapside, Little Queen street, Birdcage Lane, The Strand, we felt that we were truly in the city of so many of our beloved heroes and heroines—in the town that Dickens and Thackeray knew.

When we finally dismounted from the 'bus and asked the way to our hotel the policeman said we would find it at "the top." If he had not waved his arm to further indicate the direction, we should never have understood "the top." But we concluded to go the way he waved until we got out of his sight, then ask again. London policemen always refer one to "the top" or "the bottom," and mean, I suppose, the upper or lower end of the street; but as we never could tell the slope of the town, anyhow, we were constantly puzzled.

As we were walking home in the chill gray twilight we came across a service being held on the street. Three or four well-dressed young boys were singing, and handed us hymnals, a man was playing a tiny piano-like music-box, and an older man was leading the service. Gathered about them was a little crowd of all sorts of people—ragged and villainous street urchins, a slouchy, bearded man leaning against the wall and half scorning the religion, a frizzed and be-ribboned servant, and a decent, quiet, rusty old woman or two. It seems this little group of churchmen come from a nearby Methodist church and have a hymn or two and a short prayer in the streets every Sunday. So a tall, rather fine-faced old gentleman said who saw us come up, and asked if we had found Christ. We turned the question, and asked our way back to the hotel.

"Ah, you are strangers here; but you speak English; perhaps you will be from Canada?"

"No," we replied; "from the United States."

"Ah," he said; "I too have a home in America, for it was in Montreal that I found my Saviour, and it is a very dear land to me. Good afternoon, ladies. We will meet again, in the next world perhaps, but somewhere." And so he left us, and we saw no more of him. We were startled, of course. He seemed entirely gentlemanly, and spoke of finding Christ in a calm, everyday way, and apparently in all sincerity.

It was evident to us that London was to be a greater interest than the Old World cities, for all their beauty and quaintness. This first Sunday was no disappointment to us who had anticipated much. And there were The Tower, Windsor, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, and many many things to see, and only 24 hours in each day and only a fortnight of these short days.

—ELSIE POMEROY MCELROY.

NURSE AND SPY.

The Adventures of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battlefields.

BY S. EMMA E. EDMONDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author, a native of New Brunswick, but inspired by love of the Union, at the outbreak of the civil war goes to Washington, engaged as nurse to the soldiers, and later performed valuable secret work for the Government. She was with the Army of the Potomac on many battlefields. Her story may be begun with this issue, without loss of interest in the succeeding chapters. This installment tells of the period just after the battle of Fair Oaks.

I cannot better describe the state of affairs after the battle of Fair Oaks than by giving the following dispatch from McClellan, dated June 7:

"In reply to your dispatch of 2 p. m. to-day I have the honor to state that the Chickahominy River has risen so as to flood the entire bottoms to the depth of three or four feet. I am pushing forward the bridges in spite of this, and the men are working night and day, up to their waists in water, to complete them. The whole face of the country is a perfect bog, entirely impassable for artillery, or even cavalry, except directly in the narrow roads, which renders any general movement, either of this or the rebel army, entirely out of the question until we have more favorable weather. I am glad to learn that you are pressing forward reinforcements so vigorously. I shall be in perfect readiness to move forward and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here and the ground will admit the passage of artillery. I have advanced my pickets about a mile to-day, driving off the rebel pickets, and securing a very advantageous position. The rebels have several batteries established, commanding the debouches from two of our bridges, and fire upon our working parties continually; but as yet they have killed but few of our men."

Again, June 10, he says:

"I am completely checked by the weather. The roads and fields are literally impassable for artillery—almost so for infantry. The Chickahominy is in a dreadful state. We have another rain-storm on our hands. I wish to be distinctly understood that whenever the weather permits I will attack with whatever force I may have, although a larger force would enable me to gain much more decisive results. I would be glad to have McCall's infantry sent forward by water at once, without waiting for his artillery and cavalry."

The next day the Secretary of War replied:

"Your dispatch of 3:30 p. m. yesterday has been received. I am fully impressed with the difficulties mentioned, and which no art or skill can avoid, but only endure. Be assured, General, that there never has been a moment when my desire has been otherwise than to aid you with my whole heart, mind, and strength since the hour we first met; and whatever others may say for their own purposes, you never have had, and never can have, anyone more truly your friend, or more anxious to support you, or more joyful than I shall be at the success which I have no doubt will soon be achieved by your arms."

The above dispatch has the appearance of the genuine article, but I am inclined to think it a clever counterfeit. While McClellan's requests were cheerfully complied with, as far as promises were concerned, little was done to strengthen his weakened forces in view of the coming struggle with an overwhelming force in front, and the flooded Chickahominy in the rear. By unreliable promises he was filled with delusive hopes, and led on to more certain destruction—to disaster and failure, at least.

While preparations were going on for the great battle in front of Richmond I obtained leave of absence for a week, and recruited my shattered health, lame side, and arm. I visited Williamsburg hospitals, both Union and rebel, and found many things amusing and interesting.

After leaving Williamsburg I kept on down the Peninsula until I came to Yorktown. After visiting the hospitals there I then went to the old camp where I had spent so many weeks.

From Yorktown I went to the White House Landing, where everything looked neat, orderly, peaceful, and happy as a quiet little country village.

After spending a day there, and beginning to feel tired of idleness, I made up my mind to return to camp again. So, going to Col. Ingalls, I procured transportation for myself and horse, and, stepping aboard of a provision train destined for Fair Oaks Station, I anticipated a pleasant ride; but, as usual, was blessed with quite a little adventure before I reached my destination.

The train started, and, after steaming over the road for some time at its usual rate, had reached the vicinity of Tunstall's Station, when we heard the down-train whistle, and immediately after a sharp volley of musketry was fired in the same direction. The engineer switched off the track, and awaited the other train. It came thundering on, as if the engineer was possessed by the sauve qui peut spirit, and, as it passed, the wildest confusion was visible on board, and the groans of the wounded could be heard above the screaming of the engine. On it went, like a streak of lightning, signaling for our train to follow.

There was no time to be lost; our train was immediately in hot pursuit of the other, and both were soon at the White House. Among those I saw taken from the cars, wounded, was the spy whom I had met in the rebel camp in front of Yorktown, and heard haranguing his fellow countrymen upon the important service he had rendered the Confederate Government, and confessing himself to be the cause of Lieut. V——'s death.

STUART'S RAID.

Everything was thrown into wild confusion by the arrival of the trains and the news of the attack. The troops at the White House were immediately called out under arms to protect the depot. All this excitement had been produced by a detachment of Stuart's cavalry, consisting of about 1,500 men, and which resulted in the slight disaster to the train, the burning of two schooners laden with forage, and 14 Government wagons, the destruction of some sutler's stores; the killing of several of the guard and teamsters, some damage done to Tunstall's Station, and the tearing up of a portion of the railroad. There was but little damage done to the train, considering that there were 300 passengers.

Some military officers of high rank were on board, who would have been a rich prize for the rebels if they had succeeded in capturing the train, but it had eluded their grasp by the admirable conduct and presence of mind of the engineer, who crowded on all possible steam and escaped with his freight of human life with only a loss of 14 in killed and wounded.

As soon as the wounded were taken care of I visited the Provost-Marshal, and made known the fact that there was among the wounded a rebel spy who required immediate attention. He sent a guard with me, who searched his person and found satisfactory proof that my statement was correct. He was only slightly wounded, and by the time the railroad was repaired he was able to bear the fatigue of a journey to Headquarters, and I returned to camp.

FAIR OAKS GROVE.

On the 25th of June the battle of Fair Oaks Grove was fought. Hooker's command had been ordered to occupy a new and important position, when they were suddenly attacked while passing through a dense thicket and almost impassable swamp. The foe was gradually rushed back until he was obliged to seek safety behind his rifle-pits. About noon Gen. McClellan, who had remained at Headquarters to communicate with the left wing, rode upon the field, and, to the joy of his soldiers, ordered them again to advance. The order was cheerfully obeyed, and after renewed desperate fighting at sunset the day was won by the Federal arms.

At this time it was not necessary for me to use any stratagem in order to visit the rebel encampment, for all that was necessary to be known of the rebel force and movements had been already ascertained. Consequently, I was quietly awaiting further developments, and while waiting was trying to make myself generally useful in the hospitals. A singular case came under my notice there: that of a man being stunned by the near approach of a cannon-ball. It did not come in contact with even his clothing, and yet he was knocked down, senseless, and for several days he could neither hear nor speak.

I think the most trying time that the Army of the Potomac ever had on the Peninsula was in front of Richmond, just before the seven days' battle—that is to say, if anything could be worse than the seven days' battle itself. A heavy and almost incessant firing was kept up day and night along the entire left wing, and the men were kept in those rifle-pits (to say in water to the knees is a very moderate estimate) day after day, until they looked like fit subjects for the hospital or lunatic asylum; and those troops in camp who were not supposed to be on duty, but were kept in reserve, were often called out 10 times in one night. The firing would become so alarmingly hot that it was supposed a general engagement was at hand; but on going out to the front perhaps it would cease for a moment, then they would be ordered back to camp again. In that manner I have known the entire force to be kept in motion almost all night, and sleep for anyone was a thing out of the question.

TRYING TIMES.

It soon became evident that there was some movement on foot which was not understood by the great mass of the army, and I have no doubt it was a good thing that the troops did not even imagine that a retreat was already being planned by their commander. The men endured all these hardships most uncomplainingly,—yes, cheerfully,—and every day was supposed to be the last ere they would walk the streets of Richmond triumphantly, and thus reap the fruits of their Summer's campaign.

The constant fire kept up along the entire line and the frequent charges made upon rifle-pits rapidly increased the numbers in the hospital, and kept the Surgeons and nurses busy night and day, and then they could not attend to all who required assistance. Just at this particular juncture I remember the timely aid afforded by the members of the Christian Commission and Tract Society. They brought relief not only in one case, but in many. Spiritual food for the hungry, dying soldier, consolation for the worn-out and discouraged, delicacies for the sick and feeble, warm-gushing heart sympathy for the suffering, and actual assistance with their own hands in cases of amputations and the removal of the sick from one place to another.

CHANGE OF BASE.

The employment of Gen. McDowell's force in the defense of Washington, and its failure to co-operate by land with McClellan, necessitated on the part of the Army of the Potomac an immediate change of base across the Peninsula. Such a change in the face of a powerful enemy is considered one of the most hazardous undertakings in war. But McClellan had no doubt of the ability of his army to fight its way, even against superior numbers, through to the James River, and thus secure a new position for an advance against Richmond.

The entire energy of the army was now directed to this object. A dispatch was sent by Gen. Van Vliet, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, to Col. Ingalls, Quartermaster at White House, as follows:

"Run the cars to the last moment, and load them with provision and ammunition. Load every wagon you have with subsistence, and send them to Savage's Station, by way of Bottom's Bridge. If you are obliged to abandon White House, burn everything that you cannot get off. You must throw all our supplies up the James River as soon as possible, and accompany them yourself with all your force. It will be of vast importance to establish our depots on James River without delay if we abandon White House. I will keep you advised of every movement so long as the wires work; after that you must exercise your own judgment."

All these commands were obeyed. So excellent were the dispositions of the different officers in command of the troops, depots and gunboats, and so thorough was the warning of the approach of the enemy, that almost everything was saved, and but a small amount of stores was destroyed to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Stoneman's communications with the main army being cut off, he fell back upon White House Station, thence to Yorktown, when White House was evacuated.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next installment the author tells of a headlong ride to escape capture. Her story of the events in field and in hospital as viewed with the eyes of a brave woman is unique. Few women have had so lively an experience, and few have been so apt in their narration as Miss Edmonds.

COON-TOWN SKETCHES.

"WHAH DAT CENT I DONE HAB IN MY POCKET?"